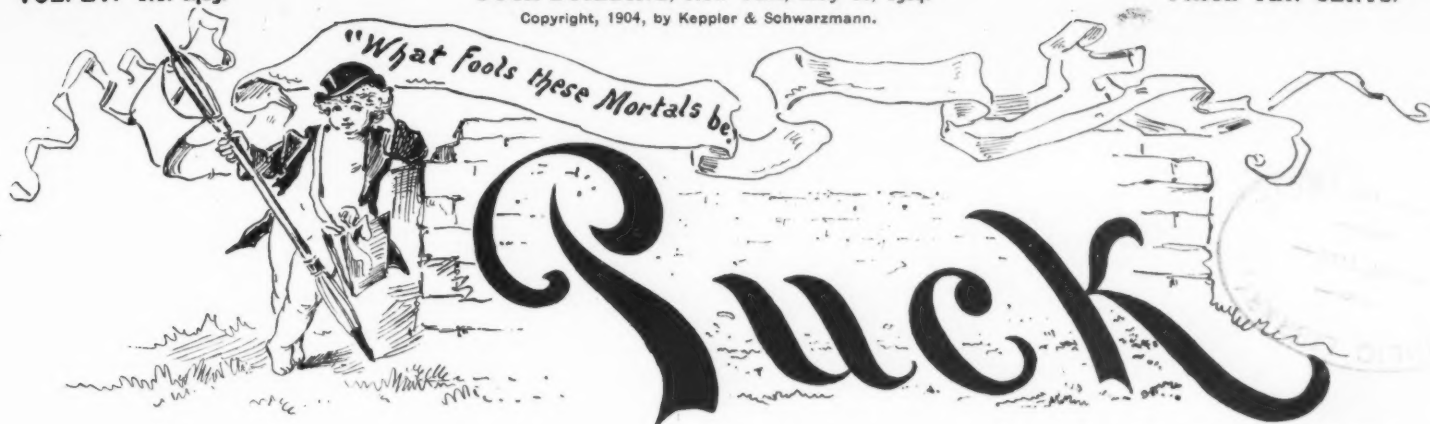


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Keppler

THE PASSING OF THE ECLIPSE.



THE NEW RUSSIAN HYMN.

As sung regularly at Port Arthur.

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last beaming?
No, your highness, I can't; for some time in the night,
It ran foul of a mine and it's long past redeeming.
Giant powder's red flare,
Iron filings to spare—
Then up went a battleship high in the air;
And the mines of Port Arthur,
Oh, long may they flo-ot!
I regret to-oo repor-r-t—
Had destroyed-d—the wrong—boat-t-t-t!



MISLEADING.

ISAACS.—Dis paper says Rosenbaum vos penniless.
COHENSTEIN.—Dot 's foolish. A man ain't penniless
choost because he owes a lot of money he ain't going to pay!

BROOKLYN RAPID TRANSIT BRIEFS.

AFTER a long and careful search, the Rapid Transit directors have hit upon just the man for Traffic Manager, according to a statement made by one of them to-day. For the past six years, he has been running a log camp railroad in the Oregon woods, and till the Company made its offer, had never heard of Brooklyn.

They are telling a story on Montague Street at the expense of a noted B. R. T. official.

A pedestrian recently approached him and inquired the way to Borough Hall, whereupon the official replied: "Excuse me, I'm a stranger here." The official's name we are not privileged to disclose, but he was formerly employed by an amusement firm at Aurora City, for whom he ran a miniature railroad at county fairs.

Bridge cars, after the fifteenth, will be run on Myrtle Avenue; Fulton Street "L" trains on Lexington Avenue; Lexington Avenue on Fifth Avenue; and all surface cars on the Elevated. This is the first general order of the New Superintendent, the man who put the cog railway at Jagsite Mountain, Idaho, on such a splendid paying basis, two years ago.

Visitors at the Company's offices this week may have noticed the bright new office-boy, who keeps people waiting. He comes to Brooklyn from Duluth, where he made an enviable record in the waste paper department of the Twin Cities' Railroad.

The General Manager was subjected to unusual annoyance night before last. A policeman, to whom he applied for information, directed him to the wrong car, in consequence of which he was hours late at an engagement. "To think," said he, to-day, "that in a city of this size, the police should be ignorant of the car lines." The General Manager's home is in Tom's River, N. J., where he made such an admirable summer house out of an old horse-car that the directors' attention was immediately called to him.

OPERA.

The heroine of the grand opera could not help but observe that the tenor, her lover, was becoming purple in the face.

"His heart is hard, else he would not make such work of pouring it out in song," she reflected.

But she listened respectfully, withal; for there was no mis-doubting the man's good faith.



FRUITFUL.

And soon from college comes the girl.
Four precious years of youth spent
there.
In busy study, deep research,
Yield six new ways to fix her hair.

The black man seems rather more liable to lynching, but rather less liable to appendicitis.

PUCK



AFTER THE PLAY.

EDITH.—I had to weep for the heroine in the second act.
ETHEL.—So did I; that dress she wore was a perfect fright.

RULES FOR A SANITARIUM.

THE OBJECT of this sanitarium is to make people think about themselves. Remember that if you think about anyone else but yourself, you are likely to be expelled.

Eat as little of the food we provide as possible. At our rates, which are only double the rates of an ordinary hotel, we can not afford to pamper the stomachs of our patrons.

A full line of medical books will be found in the library. If you have any idea that you are getting well, read them and be cured—of the idea.

Our sun parlors are provided for the purpose of allowing our patients to tell each other of their ailments. That everyone may have a chance, no patient will be allowed to tell the history of his trouble more than once in twenty-four hours.

Do not ask the resident physicians foolish questions, such as what he is prescribing for you, or when you can escape. We get a rake-off on all medicines used, and you can depend upon it that we shall keep you under our fostering care as long as possible.

The management requests that all letters written home should be written on the regular sanitarium paper, which contains an impressionistic picture of the way our place ought to look.

Our motto: "While there's Cash, there's Hope."

HIS SYMPTOMS.

FARMER CLODPELTER.—Colonel Chinnaway says he is out of politics.

FARMER BENTOVER.—Yes, I know he says so; but I notice he's actin' like a feller that is mightily afraid the nomination for Congress will sneak up and bite him on the leg.



A FISH STORY.

Quoth a North River shad: "What a fuss
Makes this haughty and arrogant cuss!

He claims to have heard—

Oh! It's really absurd!

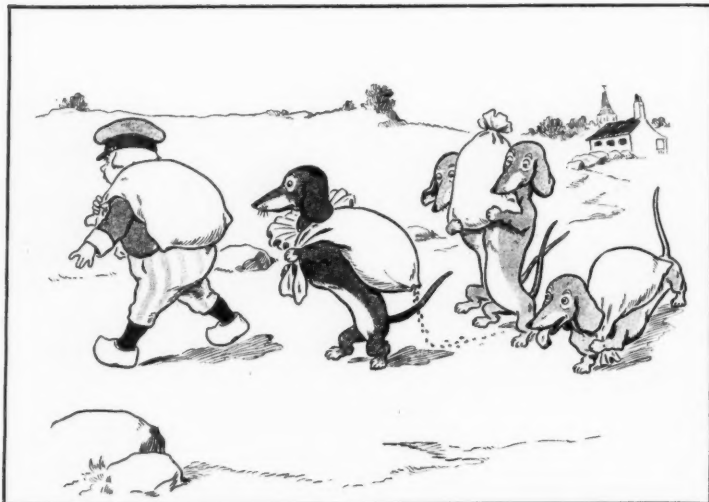
That oysters are served before us."

PUCK

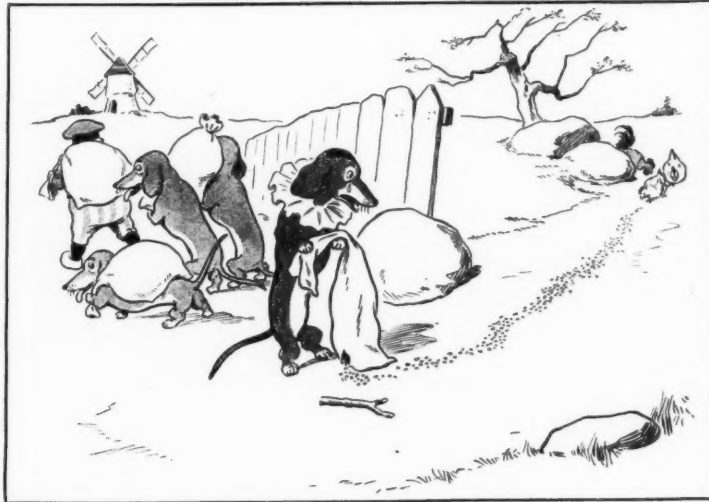
HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 39.

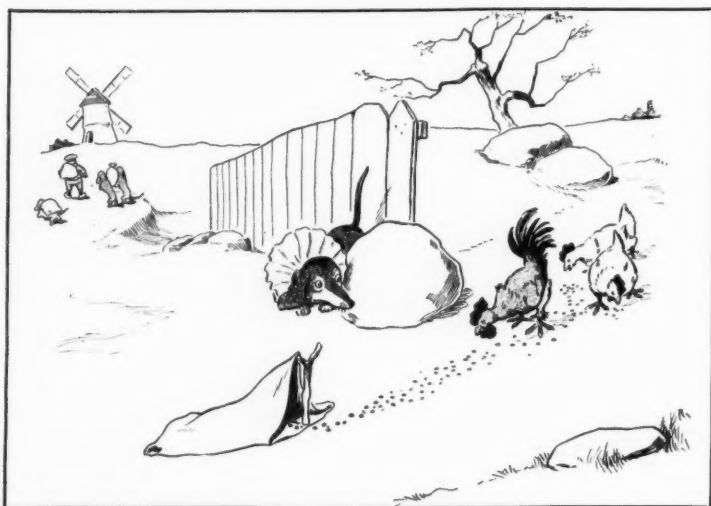
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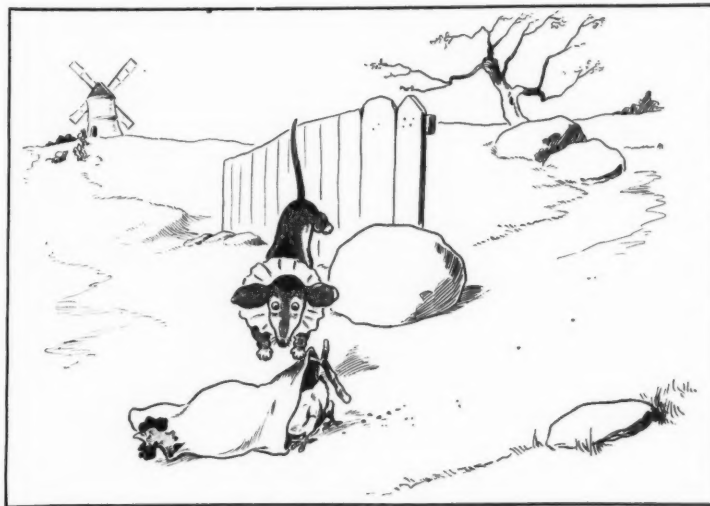
I.
To the mill went Hans one morning and he took his chums along.
Oh, the bag that Dackel carried, it was neither stout nor strong!



II.
"I'm a hoodoo still," wailed Dackel, but the while he looked behind—
Oh, a most ingenious notion found a place in Dackel's mind!



III.
As, devouring the kernels, came the chicks with eager tread,
"Oh, a sure-enough philanthropist has favored us," they said.



IV.
"A philanthropist," quoth Dackel, "might have given this away;
Oh, my feathered friends, philanthropy is not my fad to-day."



V.
At the mill, he never spoke a word, but hummed this tune, the wag!
"Oh, the corn is in the chickens, but the chicks are in the bag!"



VI.
And 't was Dackel whom the others watched that eve with tearful yearning;
"Oh, a lane is long indeed," laughed he, "that never knows a turning."

Vanity, with a woman, is consciousness of what she has on; modesty,
of what she has off. Neither is good form.

PUCK



THE MAIN CONSIDERATION.

"Young man have you stopped to think where you will go to when you die?"

"Gad, no—I have n't even thought where to go on my Summer vacation yet."



"SIR MORTIMER" AND "PRECOGNITION."

IN ENGLAND everybody writes to the press, and controversies are thick as English sparrows in America. Lately they have taken up Precognition—foreknowledge of places or books that one sees or reads for the first time. Persons of uncommon veracity have testified that on beginning to read books which they knew only by title, they discovered that the contents were familiar, not only generally, but verbally.

The matter aroused only our skepticism until the other day, when, chancing to pick up Mary Johnston's latest romance, "Sir Mortimer," we found ourselves sharing the uncanny experience of the original propounder of the "psychological mystery" that is agitating our British cousins.

As we opened "Sir Mortimer" our careless glance lighted on the phrase, "He arose and drew her into his arms." Instantly it flashed upon us we had seen that phrase before, and the book, which we had never before clapped eyes on, became curiously familiar. Vainly we sought to persuade ourselves that we had read extracts from the romance in some review, or that the familiarity was merely imaginary. Neither explanation satisfied.

We turned back the leaves, and upon page 15 came upon the ringing challenge: "Here and now, is't not? and with sword and dagger?" Precognition with a vengeance. It was positively creepy. We knew, without turning to the illustration facing the following page, that the duellists wore doublet and hose, and gallant ruffs about their necks. The face and voice of the hero came upon us as the face and voice of an old friend, whom we had met somewhere, but when and where we knew not.

We seemed to recall—and it should be in the first half of the romance—a gorgeous scrimmage, in which the hero takes ten blades upon his own, and carves his certain way through pools of gore with a light laugh on his lips. Hastily we turned the leaves till, on page 82, we read: "Ferne, whose dagger had made that rescue, whose sword was rapidly achieving for the two of them a wizard's circle, chided and laughed as he fought."

And did we not remember the beautiful heroine, whose eyes were "depths on depths," whose mouth was "subtly charming," whose neck was a "white column," and who, when the hero approached, "rose to her full height"? Surely. And the sad misunderstanding that lay betwixt them for heaven knows how many pages! And how the lady pined in silence at home, while the gentleman, 'neath foreign skies, cut and slashed in a careless way, and could not die because so untimely a taking off would spoil the last chapter, when the fountain rose and fell, and the lark sang in the blue midsummer sky, and Heaven came upon earth!

And so we glimpsed the story through, recalling this favorite sentiment and that dear old situation; and when we laid the volume down we asked, in the phrases of the British scientists and laymen: "Is memory hereditary? Have we a kind of atavism? Is pre-existence a too chimerical hypothesis to be tenable?"

Other precognitioners please write.

THE IDOL OF THE PROLETARIAT.

[Extracts from "An Appreciation of William Randolph Hearst," by "A. B."]

II.—COLLEGE DAYS.

One has but to glance at Mr. Hearst's magnificent head to know that as student at college he was equalled by few in his class, and excelled by none. His appetite for learning was prodigious. That he devoured Greek and Latin one conjectures from the classical allusions which sprinkle his great speeches in Congress. That astronomy and political economy were his favorite studies, one gathers from the editorial style, at once airy and profound, which to-day illumines millions of American homes. His graduation essay, "Why People Should Not Sleep Before Breakfast," won the University gold medal.

Young Hearst was chosen editor-in-chief of his college journal, but resigned because the board of management refused to enlarge the periodical's page, which was too small to accommodate the types he wished to employ.

His personal life was singularly pure. He shrank from the so-called amusements of his college mates. He had no "affairs." Woman he held in fine reverence, and her spiritual uplift was one of his earliest ambitions.

It still is.

[Continued in our next.]

THE LIT'RY MARKET.

Spot Fiction declined 10 points for the week. Middling was quiet and easy, futures closing $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$ higher. Sales 2,500 tons. Poetry dull on the spot. Our Wabash correspondent reports that most of the Indiana crop is rotted and will have to be rewritten. Biography steady; Presidential lullish. Common or garden variety of Humor, quiet and steady; large receipts of No. 2 Western.

The ticker informs us that operator Cyrus Townsend Brady has patented a "Cyrograph," with which he can write four novels at one time.

Richard Le Gallienne takes a bearish view of the situation, and in a late essay asks, "What's the Use of Poetry?"

Abner Homespun's new book, "The Cedar Lot," has reached its seventh ton a month before the date of publication. Mr. Homespun's first book, "When the Cows Come Home," was highly praised by Mr. Howells, and was among the Six Best Sellers at Londonderry, N. H., Winamac, Ind., and Painted Post, N. Y.

Bert Leston Taylor.



WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Sipping a stein of bock.
An Electrical Spider
That dropped down beside her
Gave Little Miss Muffet a shock.

PUCK



"H AVE YOU heard that bit of — Really,
I, you know — Oh, fairly well;
The chorus work was splendid but —
That book will never sell,
The thing's a frost — A secret?
What is it? I won't tell.

Why, how *do* you do, Miss — Billy,
Come here and meet — Indeed?
We heard you 'd left on Monday — I've
So little time to read
That I almost — Who's that singing?
No, no! The proper lead

Was the six-spot, Mrs. Whistler —
Oh, dear! I *never* shall —
But her technique, who could ever —
Let's make a break, old pal —
How superfluous the music
At the average musicale!

A. H. F.

SWEET HARMONY.

PUCK



PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
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NOTICE

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MR. GAGE'S GREAT SERVICE.

THAT WAS a timely talk which Lyman J. Gage delivered. "Is the acquisition of individual wealth inconsistent with the material welfare of society?" Is it or not, that's the question. Mr. Gage decided in the negative, after a most convincing monologue to the Rockefeller Bible class. But why the necessity, some may ask. What has occurred in the Fifth Avenue class room to demand the presence of so high an authority on money and wealth as a former secretary of the Treasury? Can it be that the members of the class, individually and collectively, have corralled so much money that they want to feel easy about it, and so summon some one who can scathe with sound argument? Or does the Little Shepard of Standard Oil himself need comforting? Certainly, the subject and the decision rendered had all the atmosphere of a ratification meeting. Endorsing resolutions alone were missing. But waving the omission aside, now that Mr. Gage has expressed his expert opinion, the class may amass individual wealth without fear of conscience. As for teacher, he may consider himself vindicated.

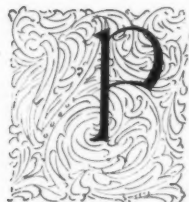
JUST ON PRINCIPLE.

THE PRINCIPLE 's the thing—there is the line on which Bryan will fight it out. Intrepidly he has said, I do not desire that the party shall win offices only. Offices, in Bryan's estimation, are part and parcel of patronage, from the presidency down. And patronage, which is low and vulgar, is distant far from principle, which is high and idealistic. As far as discernible, therefore, Mr. Bryan, if it comes to a show down, will prefer principle without office to office without principle. And for this, let us add, he is not to be censured. It is his privilege to feel that way and to his credit, if he does. The trouble with the Colonel, however, his chronic fault, is that he deems all men unprincipled who do not subscribe to *his* principles; and in that attitude, he may mildly be criticised. Judge Parker is Bryan's idea of a glaringly unprincipled man. But to reassure those who would like to think differently, we have only to hint that the last two national campaigns, in both of which Mr. Bryan and his principles took part, suggest rather pointedly that we are a glaringly unprincipled people. Mr. Bryan does not desire that his party shall win offices only. The only, it seems to us, is superfluous.

THE SHAPE OF THE EARTH.

THERE is nothing new about the theory that the Earth is flat except that it is gaining adherents every year, and will one day be as popular as Christian Science. Barring surface inequalities, the earth is flat on Manhattan Island, and elsewhere so far as we personally know; and the observations of others agree with our own. More and more do we rebel against the philosophers, who ask us to disbelieve the evidence of our senses, but offer us nothing better in place of them. Thus there is small chance that the \$100 hung up by City Clerk McClelland of St. Catharine's Ontario, for a single proof that the earth is a ball, will be pulled down. That the earth is, on the contrary, flat, hardly needs demonstration; but if proof is insisted on, Mr. McClelland points out that the sun and moon are both seen shining at the same time. Not long ago an Englishman named Scott demonstrated the flat theory just as conclusively. "If the earth were a globe," he argued, "the distance round the surface, say, at 45 degrees south latitude, could not possibly be any greater than the same latitude north; but since it was found by navigators to be twice the distance—to say the least of it—it is a proof that the earth is not a globe." This, as G. K. Chesterton says, reduces one's mind to a pulp.

BALLADE OF BOURKE.



POLITICS, Politics, well do we know
Your busiest season is coming apace;
Precious your time is and occupied, so
We 'll neither waste words nor be reckless of space;
But while you are nigh, if it's not out of place,
Vouchsafe us a glimpse of your innermost thought.
With his eloquence prime and his notable grace,
Whom will the Honorable Bourke support?

Our own feeble knowledge no brilliance can throw
In the darkness of doubt, its gloom to displace.
He was part of the Bryanite-Populist show,
But Republican masses know, also, his face;
For holy Reform and for Tammany base,
With parallel zest has he arguments wrought,
So we naturally ask: In the soon-to-be race,
Whom will the Honorable Bourke support?

Will he labor for friend, or will one now his foe
Persuade him ere Autumn to handle his case?
Teddy R., Alton B., Willie H., Richard O.,
Nelson M., Thomas J.—may as yet set his pace.
What use are opinions except to deface?
To retain one is dull, but to change one is sport—
Hence, again comes the query, the whole to embrace:
Whom will the Honorable Bourke support?

ENVOY.

Politics, tell us! Or plain John Doe
Will have to suffice as the answer we sought;
An excellent man and an able—but, Oh!
Whom will the Honorable Bourke support?

Arthur H. Folwell.

ONE SWALLOW does n't make a Summer any more than a Boston garter makes a blue stocking.



FOR INSTANCE.

CASEY.—Whin Oi 've hod enough, Oi shtop drinkin'.
HARTIGAN.—Phwat strange things a mon will do whin he's droonk!



HE MEANT

THE CAPTAIN.—Ladies and gentlemen, I



THE PUCK PRESS

MEANT WELL.

and gentlemen, I drink to your very good health!

PUCK



FOSSILS.



THE DODO and the Dinosaur
Have long since passed away;
The Palæosaurus is no more;
The Sloth has had its day.

The Mastodon we loved so well
Is one with yesteryear.
Relentless Time doth now compel
Another parting tear.

The old "Bostonians" have quit,
As quit the Mastodon.
In some museum—think of it!—
We'll view the skeleton.

And when the bone called "Barnabee"
To visitors is shown,
The lecturer will rap out: "See!
This was the funny bone!"

THE SEATS OF THE SCORNFUL.

[SCENE, the Lyric Theater. Wilton Lackaye, in Mormon whiskers, is leading an assault on Ibsen's "Pillars of Society." A placard in the lobby requests the audience not to shout, as Mr. Lackaye is doing the best he can. Among those present: Mr. Huneke of the "Sun," Mr. Winter of the "Tribune," Mr. Dale of the "American," Mr. Davies of the "Evening Sun," and Puck.]

MR. HUNEKER.—Tell me, Winter, did you ever glimpse before such sesquipedalian and fuliginous whiskers?

MR. WINTER.—Horrible! Horrible!

MR. DALE.—The program states that the performance is for the benefit of the Professional Woman's League, but it is plainly to advertise "Dr. Bluebeard's Hair Tonic." Hee-hee!

MR. DAVIES.—Where *did* Lackaye dig up that lilac bush? (To WINTER, kindly) Cheer up, old man! There's only one more act.

MR. WINTER (with his head in his hands).—Muck—whited sepulchres—attenuated colloquial platitudes. Oh! oh! I am going to be very ill.

MR. HUNEKER.—A fearsome mass of hair, a splendiferous, quotidian, fuliginous capillature. What feathered vertebrate would dare a lodging in that jojoian wild?

MR. DALE.—It's a dreamerino. Hee-hee!

PUCK.—Gentlemen, I find in your remarks a scant penny-worth of critical comment to an intolerable deal of hairy persiflage, as Mr. Huneke would say.

MR. WINTER.—Slime—Norwegian filth—puerile and elementary composition—garbage. Gods! I can stand no more! [An usher assists him to the street.]

MR. DAVIES.—It is very painful to the elect. Shall we follow Winter?

MR. HUNEKER.—No; let us sit it out. Another glimpse of that fuliginous beard will make me less forlorn.

PUCK.—You complain bitterly of lack of serious drama, yet when it is offered to the public you hammer it sans mercy.

MR. HUNEKER.—Gaze, my diminutive friend, on the tenantless stalls. The public is not present.

MR. DALE.—Fine for the public. Hee-hee!

MR. DAVIES.—Silence on the anvils!

[The curtain rises on the last act.]

TAGS.

Proof of the drama's decadence: Stage-struck girls once aspired to play *Lady Macbeth*; now they run away to join musical comedy companies.

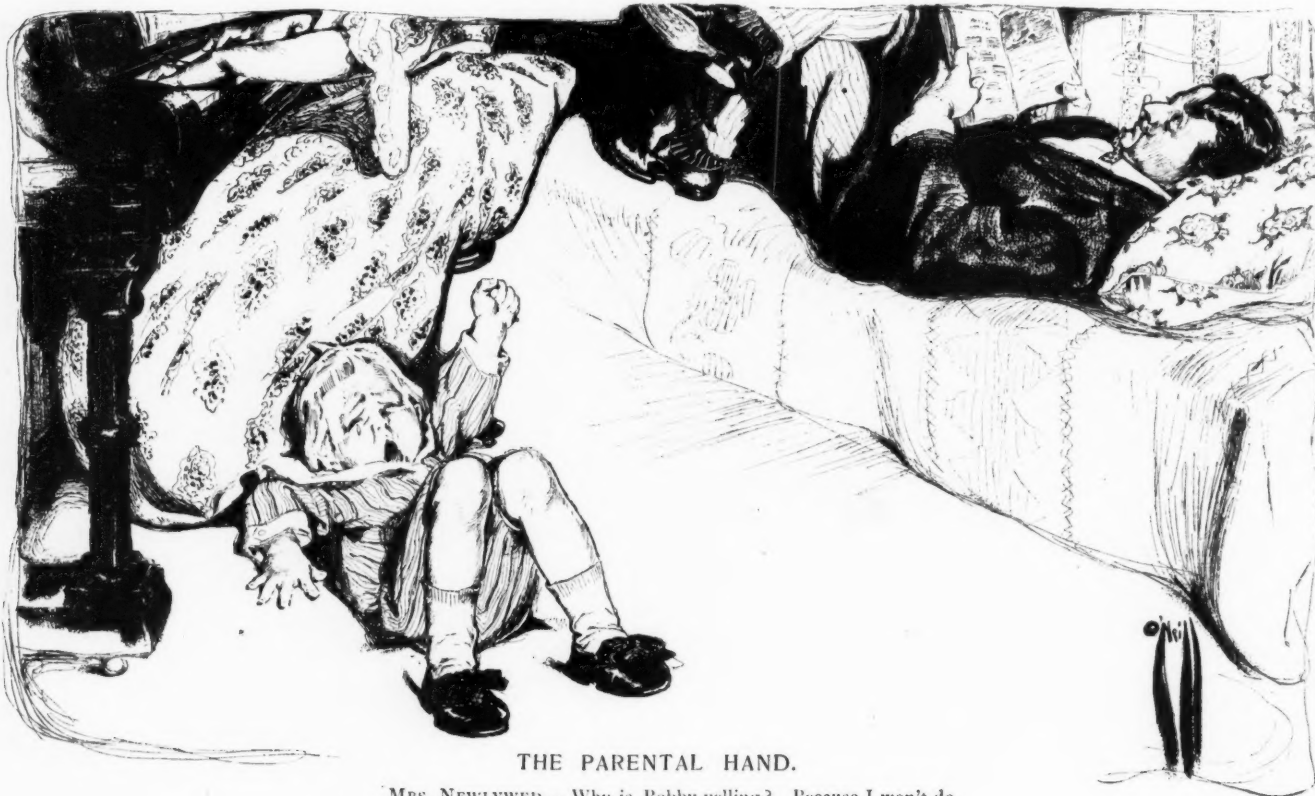
After the critical onslaught upon Wilton Lackaye's beard and Margaret Anglin's "ratty wig," playerfolk will, we feel sure, be more careful in top-dressing their parts. The motto of the critical brethren is: "When you see a hair, split it."

Miss Fremstad (*Fricka* in the farewell performance of "Walküre") contrived to look a bit like a goddess by putting up her hair. Louise Homer followed suit. Next season the "Valkyrie knot" may be seen in the boxes.

Suing an "angel" for back salaries weakens the graft, as the needy hamfatter will some day discover.

Times have changed since the days of Henry VIII. Counsel for Zoltan Doehme (formerly Mr. Nordica) deposed that "in the summer of 1903 the wife decided to divorce him." And all the poor chap received was \$45,000 and permission to resume his maiden name. Alas, poor Zoltan!

B. L. T.



THE PARENTAL HAND.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Why is Bobby yelling? Because I won't do just as he wants.

MR. NEWLYWED.—Let him yell. We must begin to discipline him in some way.

PUCK

WHEN THE BRIGHAMS MET.



THE MORMON Patriarch and Apostle Brigham Jones (Brigham the 463rd in the annals of the church) was spending a vacation as a special missionary delegated to Timbuctoo to avoid being called as a witness in the Spook case when a young man visited him and asked for a vacant place as secretary to the Apostle.

The Apostle leaned back and stroked benignantly a patriarchal beard. "No, young man, I am sorry that I have no salaried place for you in the vineyard of the Lord in his work for the Church of the Latter Day Saints. I fear you will have to look elsewhere."

"But I am a good Mormon. I always pay tithes and attend the tabernacle every Sunday. I have had a revelation to take three wives and how I can support them and my seventeen children without work I do not know," protested the applicant.

"I am indeed sorry for you; but if you have three wives they surely ought to be able to support you. I can not hold myself responsible for your—"

"I thought perhaps you might," replied the young man, dejectedly. "Since I am the sixth son of your third wife—"

The Patriarch opened his arms and wrapped his offspring in a close embrace.

"My son, why did you not bring a letter of introduction that I might have known you? How did you leave your fifty-seven brothers and sisters in the land of Zion, otherwise yclept Salt Lake City?"

"All of them with whom I am personally acquainted are well. I have two brothers and one sister born since you left Zion, Father."

"That is delightful news. Which of my wives have been so blest?"

"The third, seventh and ninth," replied the youth.

"The ninth—was that the daughter of Bishop Good?"

"No, I think she was the seventh. The ninth was the Evans girl. I wanted to marry her myself you remember, but she was reserved to be my mother instead."

"That reminds me. How is your mother?"

"They are all well, Father; and the seven of them that I saw just before I left send their love."

"Ah! What is home without a mother? Truly a lonesome place. Which of your mothers is your mother, did you say, my son?"

"Eliza Jones, your third plural."

"I seem to recall her. She has dark hair and blue eyes, I think."

"That is nearly right—except that her hair is red and her eyes brown," explained the young man.

"Indeed! My memory is not what it once was! But take a seat, Brigham. One of your names, I presume, is Brigham?"

"Yes indeed, Father, since I am of Mormon parentage," returned Brigham the 11,493rd with unconscious pride.

The Patriarch Apostle looked at his hopeful Scion with a hopeful sigh.

"It is such as you in whom the future of our people rests. Let me again embrace you, Brigham."

Then Brigham the 11,593rd fell on the neck of Brigham the 463rd, and they did embrace.

William MacLeod Raine.

A MASTERFUL MAN.

"Well, here's a man that don't care who knows he ain't henpecked!" said honest Farmer Bentover, in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper. "This item, in the *Weekly Plaindealer*, says that 'Lyman Tarpy, manager of the turnin'-mill and his wife, has returned from a visit to Metropolisville.'"

Among us MORTALS



ARCHAIC.

"I'm a patriot of the old school, sir. I imbibed patriotism with my mother's milk."
"Mother's milk! Well, you must be old."

ENTERTAINMENT.

"She is a great entertainer."
"Does she give her guests such a good time?"
"Well, perhaps not. But she makes herself extremely conspicuous."

WAR.

"Taking my life in my hands, I advanced into the very midst of the cannon, until both my arms were shot off!"
"And then?"
"Sir, I took my life in my teeth and pressed on!" exclaimed the old veteran, or invalide, with glowing eyes.

SYSTEM.

A drunken motorist has run over a citizen on foot, rendering him unconscious.
A patrol wagon and an ambulance arrive, incredibly soon.
There is no confusion. Everything moves like clock-work.
The ambulance carries the motorist away to the hospital, where his skull is trephined, while the patrol wagon conveys the citizen to the jail, where he is locked up.

WE CALL a spade a spade, and, if we are uncommon frank, a club a saloon. A diamond, in the meanwhile, is a mark of gentle breeding, and a heart is a superfluity.

P. R. Benson.



THE NERVE OF THEM.

MRS. NEWLYRICHE.—Well, of all the impudence!
MR. NEWLYRICHE.—What is it, Hannah?
MRS. NEWLYRICHE.—Them poor first cousins of yours have gone and got themselves the same identical ancestors that you've got!

In the interest of inquisitive humanity, the laws of war should forbid fighting at places not on the map.

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom
5th Ave., cor. 22d St. in Greater New
York.

For Woman's Eye



The emollient, sanative, anti-septic, cleansing, purifying, and beautifying properties of CUTICURA SOAP, and CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great Skin Cure, render them of priceless value to women, especially mothers.

SURBRUG'S Arcadia MIXTURE.

"When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia." *J. M. Barrie.*

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OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1. 1., Lebanon, Ohio.

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

THE OLD MAN'S GRIEF.

MISS SCRAPER (*amateur violinist*).—Did you notice that old man crying while I was playing my sonata?

FRIEND.—Yes, and I spoke to him. He said your playing reminded him of the old days when he was happy.

"Was he a violinist?"

"No; he was a piano tuner."—*New York Weekly.*



A CANDID GIRL.

HE.—Why did you go on encouraging me? Why did n't you tell me you were already engaged?

SHE.—I wanted to test my love for Jack.

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OLD ENOUGH FOR THAT.

MRS. SHARPE.—You told me that salad you sold me yesterday was very young.

HUCKSTER.—Yes, Ma'am; an' was n't it?

MRS. SHARPE.—Well, really, it was almost old enough to wash and dress itself.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

HISTORY.

First Congress meets and day by day
Men speak 'midst plaudits and acclaim.
Then it adjourns and, strange to say,
The world moves on about the same.

—*Washington Star.*

The biggest bundle of bills sent out in Atchison on the first of the month, was sent out by a Cash grocery.—*Atchison Globe.*



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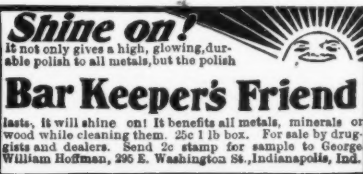
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We don't know what is meant by "straining a gnat and swallowing a camel," unless it is that a girl of sixteen scorns all but a prince's and ten years later swallows a carpenter.—*Atchison Globe.*

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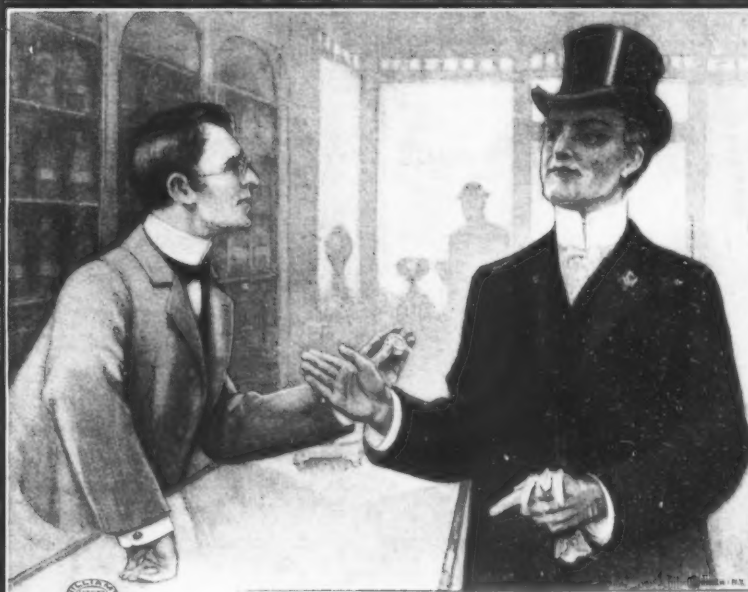
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TO RELIEVE HER FEELINGS.

ELSIE.—Ma, tell me some profanity, won't you?

MAMA.—Why, Elsie! Little girls must n't use profane words.

ELSIE.—Oh! I don't want to say 'em. I just want to think of them when I fall down and bump myself.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

MR. CRITIQUE.—Yes, indeed, my house is simply full of Titians.

MRS. NOUVEAURICHE.—Good gracious, ain't there no way of killing 'em?
—*Princeton Tiger.*

SAYS THE YOUNG FATHER.

Is sleeplessness contagious? Why,
There's no disease to match it!
Whenever baby gets it I
Am always sure to catch it.

—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

HER STYLE.

"You know her to speak to, then?"
"Oh, no!"

"I thought you knew her quite well."

"So I do. I would n't say I knew her 'to speak to,' but I know her 'to be talked to death by.'—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

"I am afraid," said the very wealthy young woman to the titled wooer, "that our ideals differ."

"In what way?"

"I should like to be loved for my own sake, while you expect to be loved for the sake of your family."—*Washington Star.*

FAITH IN HUMANITY.

"Br'er Thomas has got more faith than any man in de country."

"How you know?"

"Lost his umbrella, and advertised for it!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

REFORMING A CITY.

STRANGER.—Your city appears to be quite moral just now.

CITIZEN.—Yes, of late years the police have charged such high prices for protection that it does n't pay divekeepers to continue business.—*New York Weekly.*



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CONCERNED.

FIRST BIRD.—Why are you reading the fashion paper?

SECOND BIRD.—I'm awfully afraid I may be coming into style.

"Dar ain' no sympathy at a race track," said Uncle Eben. "De man dat bets his money don't deserve it an' de bookmaker don't need it."—*Wash. Star.*



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A MAN is not doing his level best who is content to stay on the same level.—*Ram's Horn.*

QUEER

All records are brittle,
For, by the same token,
One can not be lowered
Without being broken.
—Cath. Standard and Times.

DID N'T STAY LONG.

Mrs. D'AVNOO.—I advertised for a French nurse.

APPLICANT.—Oi hov been in France, Mum.

"Not very long, I guess."

"No, Mum; Oi only sthayed long enough to get the accint."—New York Weekly.

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THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

She said: "All men are fools, I find."
"Indeed?" he said. "But then
It's quite too bad for womankind
That all fools are not men."

—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

FOOTE LIGHTS.—They had real coffee on the stage.

SUE BRETTE.—And an egg from the audience settled it, I suppose? —Yonkers Statesman.



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"I assure you, my dear," he protested, "that I do not care for the smiles of other women."

"But I do," sobbed the wife, "and that's why I think it hateful of you to make me wear this shabby bonnet."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

PREVIOUSLY UNACQUAINTED.

THE CARRY.—Moy, but there do be a lot av strangers in Noo York, these days. Out av th' lasht dozen av fares I've had, tin av thim called me a robber.

THERE is no change this year in the prevailing fashions in the New Jerusalem.—Ram's Horn.



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—Washington Star.

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as good company."—Wash. Star.

Buy the bell cow, and you can
lead the other politicians away.—
Atchison Globe.

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They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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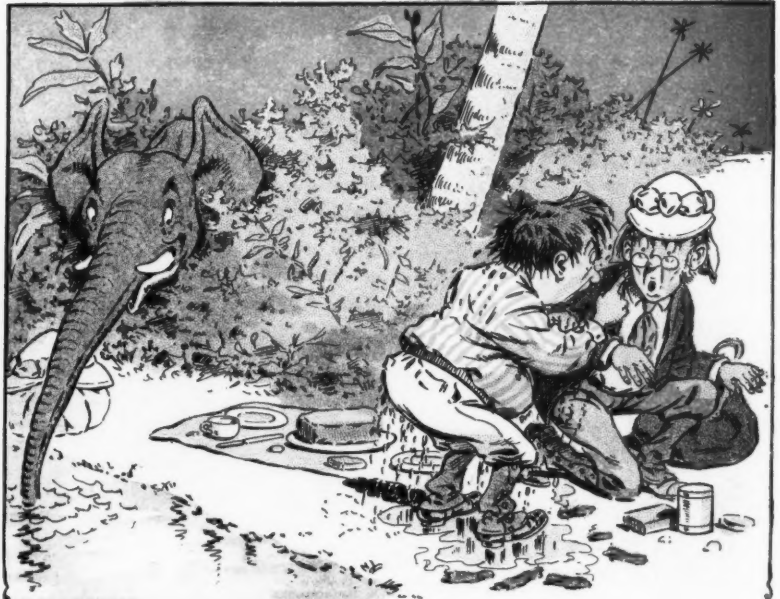
I.
When a frisky jungle baby first eludes his faithful nurse,
Like an infant purely human, he is playful — nothing worse.



II.
That is why when, through the bushes, he observed Sir Stanley Bowls,
With a playful push, he dropped him where Lake Wawawumba rolls.



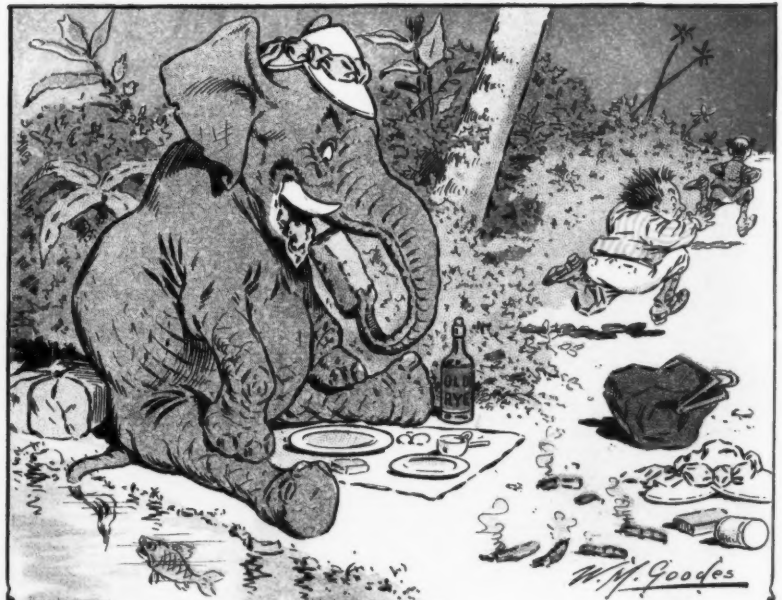
III.
Then, suppressing well his giggles, he was gratified to see
That Sir Stanley thought his ducking due to Dr. Obed Lee.



IV.
And according as they filled the air with language, chunk by chunk,
This amusing baby elephant with water filled his trunk.



V.
Whereupon he said politely, with an introduct'ry cough,
"Though you're total strangers to me, I'll — permit me — blow you off!"



VI.
"And by etiquette's procedure," then quoth he, and took a seat,
"It is only fair that *you*, my friends, should now return the treat."

A JUNGLE BLOW-OUT.